## The Eaglet

By STELLA FLORES



HE battle in the air was over. The enemy was routed. The Eaglet hastily brought his battered airplane down to see what he could do for those who were wounded. I fee paces away a great fiver lay demolished. The eraft of the gallant Lestrange lay a crumpled and shapeless mass. Frantically he tore at the charged debris. At last he uncovered the white face of his friend. In vain he tried to release from the wreckage.

"Don't try; time is too precious," whispered the Frenchman, smiling, though great drops of agony gathered on his brow. Plucking feebly at his coat, he drew out the coveted decoration his

bravery had won,
"Take it to her," he said simply, and closed
his eyes. The Eaglet could not believe his friend

could not die. And yet there he lay still and lifeless. One gauntleted hand, clasping the other glove, rested on a little cluster of wild flowers. They were the same, these flowers on a French battlefield, as those he had once, as a boy, helped her gather—the girl they both loved.

Somehow the little starry flowers beside that dead hand seemed strangely symbolical. But before the quick throb of his heart could trans-late itself into thought, he sternly banished it, out of loyalty to his friend, for his friend was dead and had asked him to take his last message to the girl of his heart.

And the Eaglet, remembering her sweet, rapt look as she listened to the Frenchman's exploits, so modestly told, sighed sadly. "She loved him," he said, "and I must be the one to bear the news that will break her heart."

#### HELEN SITS UP FOR eir Married Life

ELEN thought more of what Lenise had said about waiting op for Bob when he went out evenings than she thought of the

unusual name for Louise's baby. She remembered a little guiltly the times that Warren went to the lodge or to an occasional dinner and came home to find her asleep and was therefore forced to undress in a darkened room, stumbling over furniture and everything alse to his way.

"He has never asked me to stay up," Helen said to herself. "In fact he has never broached the subject doubt he has thought of it often enough." Then, Helen remembered suddenly that that night Warren was to go to a banquet; now was her time to surprise him wait up for his return. It would be a splendid surprise and she was glad that she had thought

Helen was unusually jolly that evening when she reached home. She put the stude in Warren's fulldress shirt and inserted his cuff links, while she chatted gally of Louise's baby, the way it had been named and certain other incidents of the afternoon.

Bob told me about naming st." Warren said, chuckling good

naturedly. "Did he say that he had ridiculed Louise!" Relen questioned.

"Well he didn't say much about that part, but you can't blame him. Gee, won't I have '- Midding bim along when I see him."

They both laug merrily and Relen held Warren's coat for him to slip in to. "You look stunning. dear," she voucheafed. "Have a good time and think of me."

sentimental part of the remark. And Helen, filled to the brim with her surprise, hardly noticed that he had not responded. The first part of the evaning she spent in catching up on various household chores. There was darning to do, and certain of Winifred's frocks to be mended. There was her sweater that she was making for the Red Cross, and the sleeves in her plum colored waist needed tightening. Almost before she knew it, it was ten thirty, and then there were sundry things to be done before she went

proceeded to make the most of it. She also dipped into a box of candy occasionally, so that when she finally heard Warren's key in the lock, she discovered that she had

"Well." he ejaculated, as he came softly into the bedroom to find his wife propped up among pillows book and a box of candy. "What does this mean? Are you

"Of course not dear, I just thought I'd walt up for you." "But there must have been some reason," said Warren suspiciously.

"Only that I wanted to do it dear," said Helen. "But you've never done it before." "I know it, and that's just why

I'm doing it now. Aren't you surprised Warren?" But Warren looked anything but surprised. He was still puzzling

over the reason for such a departure in the regular routine of the "O. I'm surprised enough, but I

ood time and think of me." | can't figure out yet why you hap"Oh, I'll have a good time all | pened to do it."

didn't like it, as if you weren't

pleased." "Because it looks as though you had a reason. No man likes to feel that his wife waits up for him like

a jailer." "But Warren, you are entirely mistaken, really you are. I waited up just to surprise you, just because I thought you'd like it."

"Well, all that I can say then, is that you were very foolish, losing your beauty sleep just to see what time I came home."

Helen sat up in bed at this. "But guickly. "I don't see how you can think that of me. This afternoon, Louise was telling me that she always waited up for Bob when he went out at night, and so I thought I would do it for you. I know it isn't pleasant to come home to a sold dark house, and I thought it

would be pleasanter for you." Warren laughed uncomfortably, iven he wasn't stupid enough to

Even he wasn't stupid enough to believe in the face of Haiena ex-planation and, in fact, her entire manner, that she had any ultrafor motive in doing as she had. "Well, of course," he began un-certainly, "If that's the way you put it. I do appreciate it. But you know. Helen, as well as I, that Louise has some fool notions in her head that you would do well to head that you would do well to ignore. If she wants to wait up for Bob every night he goes out, let her do it. I don't believe Bob is any too fond of it. But just be-cause she does it is no reason in the world for you to copy it. Why it's foolish, losing your sleep and everything. Besides it makes a main feel as if he is allowed out only on parole."

only on parole."

And he looked at Helen as though
he expected her to understand and
agree with him instantly, when
deep down in her heart she was
trying her level best not to show
him how hurt she really was.

(To Be Continued.)

## Play With Your Children

Associate Editor American Medicine and Member of N. Y. City Board

of Education. D LAY is more than amusement It is life.

It is life.

Play is an instrument of education.

The body, mind, soul and character are developed by and through active play.

Spontaneous play possesses wital values for self betterment.

Organized and supervised play enriches life for children and adults.

Play yourself into health and to retain health.

Play conserves health, counter-

Play conserves health, counter-acts fatigue, offsets the depressions and oppressions of daily living. Through every game that involves activity strength is fostered and self-control is encouraged.

They are deep wells of useful power for character building.
Obedience to rules, courtesy, love
of justice and fair play, loyalty, sociability are cultivated by the spirit of team play.

of team play.

Play with your children, Understand their resources at play, their weaknesses, their strength,
Accentuate the virtues you desire to foster through the medium of games and sports instead of wordy presents.

preachments.
Live in the games for recreation,
for diversion, for exercise.

Into every game throw your sympathy, your ideals, your vigor,
Don't be too dignified or too severe to play Itisket liasket, Looby
loo, Farmer in the dell, Mulberry
busk, London Bridge, Hide the
thimble, Puss in corner.
You may feel strange when you
indulge in Follow the leader, Stoop

indulge in Follow the leader, Stoop

tag, Cross tag, or Duck on a rock What pleasure you can have with Up Jenkins, Blind man's buff, Drop the handkerchief, or a Potato race The physical condition of chil

The physical condition of chil-dren, as well as adults, determines their limitations in play. There must be safety in play as well as in work. When a child exhibits no inclina-tion to play he deserves investiga-

Play with your children for their sake and for your own welfare, Grow up with your children—in their work and their play—in their tolling, striving, sadness, gladness, exercise, and rest. Sing, dance, play, and rejoice in

Develop and maintain habits of health through healthful play, Play up-Play on-Play ever as a

# DRACULA, THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER

PART ONE—(Gentisued)

Dr. Seward's Diory.

28 September.—Truly there is no such thing as finality. Not a week since I said "Finis." and yet here I am starting fresh again, or "rather going on with the same record. Until this afterneon! I had no cause to think of what is done. Renfield had become, to all intents. as same as he ever was. He was already well ahead with his fly business; and he had just started in the spider line iso; so he had not been of any trouble to me. I had a letter from Arthur, written on Sunday, and from his I gather that he is bearing up wonderfully well. Quincey Moyris is with him, and that is much of a help, for he himself is a bubbling well of good spirita. Quincey wrote me a line too, and from him I hear that Arthur is beginning to recover something of his old bueyancy; so as to them all my mind is at rest.

As for myself, I was settling down to my work with the enthusiasm which I used to have for it, so that I might fairly have said that the wound which poor Lucy left on me was becoming cleatrised. Everything is, however, now reopened; and what is to be the end God only knows.

I have an idea that Van Heising I have said that the wound which poor Lucy left on me was becoming cleatrised. Everything is, however, now reopened; and what is to be the end God only knows.

I have an idea that Van Heising I have and that the cound which poor Lucy left on me was becoming the minute of the poor and the will only thinks he knows too, but he will only thinks he knows too, b

READS OF CHILDREN

BEING DECOYED AWAY. "What do you think of that?" he come at night and open the veins of asked as he stood back and folded his cattle and horses and suck dry their

asked as he stood back and folded his arms.

I bloked over the paper, for I really did not know what he meant; but he took it from me and pointed out a paragraph about children being decoyed away at Hampstead. It did not convey much to me, until I reached a passage where it described small punctured wounds on their throats. An idea struck me, and I looked up, "Well?" he said.

"It is like peor Lucy's."

"And what do you make of it?"

"Simply that there is some cause in common. Whatever it was that injured her has injured them." I did not quite understand his answer.—

"That is true indirectly, but not directly."

"Can you tell me why the tortoles."

"That is true indirectly, but not directly."

"How do you mean, Professor?" I asked. I was a little inclined to take his seriousness lightly—for, after all, four days of rest and freedom from burning, harrowing anxiety does help to restore one's spirits—but when I saw his face, it sobered me. Never, even in the midst of our despair about poor Lucy, had he looked more stern.

"Tell me!" I said. "I can hazard no opinion. I do not know what to think, and I have no data on which to found a conjecture."

waved his hand for silence, and went op:
"Can you tell me why the elephant goes on and on till he have seen dynastics: and on till me why the parrot never die only of bits of cat or dog or other complaint? Can you tell me why men believe in all and the permits that there are men and women who cannot die?

TREGORY OF SUSPENDED

"Do you mean to tell me, friend

"We all know—because science has John, that you have no suspicion as to what poor Lucy died of; not after all the hints given, not only by events, but by me?"

"Of nervous prostration following on great loss or waste of blood."

"And how the blood lost or waste?" I shook my head. He stepped over and ast down beside me, and went on: it, and the corn resped and be cut and sown and resped and cut again, and necessary and cut again.

TOO FREJUDICED,
DOCTOR TELLS HIS FRIEND.

"You are clever man. friend John; you reason well, and your wit is bold; but you are too prejudiced. You do not let your eyes see nor your ears

"It, and the corn reaped and be cut and sown and respect and the nen come and take away the unbroken seal, and that there lie the Indian fakir, not dead, but that rise up and walk amongst them as before?"

Here I interrupted him. I was gethear, and that which is outside your daily life is not of account to you. Do you not think that there are things which you cannot understand, and yet which are; that some people ace things that others cannot?

"But there are things old and new which must not be contemplate by men's eyes, because they know—or think they know—some things which other men have told them. Ah, it is the fault of our science that it wants is all interrupted him. I was getting dealing the light of him less or crowded on my mind his list of nature's eccentricities and possible impossibilities that my imagination was getting fired. I had a dim idea that he was teaching me some lesson, as long ago he used to do in his study at Amsterdam; but he used then to tell me the thing, so that I could have the object of thought in mind all the time. But now I was without this help, yet I wanted to follow him,

this help, yet I wanted to follow him, the fault of our science that it wants to explain all; and if it explain not, then it says there is nothing to explain. But yet we see around us explain. But yet we see around us every day the growth of new beliefs, which think themselves new; and which are yet but the old, which per tend to be young—like the fine ladies at the opera.

"I suppose now you do not believe in corporeal transference. No? Nor mare blind effort to move on without knowing where I am going."

at the opera.

"I suppose now you do not believe in corporeal transference. No? Nor in materialisation. No? Nor in astral bodies. No? Nor in the reading of thought. No? Nor in hypnotism—""Yes." I said. "Charcot has proved that pretty well." He smiled as he went on: "Then you are satisfied as to it. Yes? And of course then you understand how it act, and can follow the mind of the great Charcot—alas the mind of the great Charcot-alas

#### DO YOU KNOW THAT—

In almost every particular the modern Gaza is an Egyptian rather than a Syrian town. It is full of rich vegetation, and its many glistening minarets show up against the dull green of innumerable olive-trees. Gasa is still, as of old, a place of trade, of camels

merchandise. streets of Milan. On these watering carts reservoirs have been adapted to the platforms, and these reservoirs are emptied as the our runs by means of perforated tubes placed fan-shaped at the front and back of the car.

The dark blue ribbon now wors by the Knights of the Garter was changed to its present shade from one much lighter in tone in the year 1622. The pictures of Charles the First by Vandyke always show the Pirat of lighter whade.

It may not be generally knewn that with the issue of pennies for the Queen's Diamend jubiles, in 1897, the lighthouse and ship were

## The Crystal Gazer By C. D. BATCHELOR



HE crystal gaser who looks into the future through the solid facts of her own chargoing to see that virtue is its own reward, and fame. Our hearts want mirages, but our lives that vice is its own punishment. She is going to teach us the unchangeable laws of cause and efsec that evil does not spring from good, even as feet.

thistles do not grow from Peach trees. She will see there unspectacular things-not the spectacular happenings of sudden wealth and instant

## Wartime Econemy Bags

quite naturally increases the cost of

All over the country women have erganized clubs to keep down the alarming prices that are searing so high and are doing their bit to con-

For this reason wartime economy bags are being carried into the shopping districts and markets so that one may take her small purchases home with her. The Government is backing the merchants in this movement, and many stores now show posters requesting customers not to have small packages tomers not to have small package

These new economy bags are very much like the large cretonne knit-ting bags that were carried everywhere last summer, except that they are not quite so pen. On shopping one may easily drop packages the accommodating bag. into the accommodating bag.

A delightful shopping bag was

recently seen on the Avenue, and was fashioned of wood brown and forest green cretonne on a cream background. It vas cut the shape of a dress shield, only vary much larger of course. A lining of green slik was cut and slipped inside. Two wooden embroidery "rings" of a good size were used as handles, and the material at the top of the bag was folded over them and stitched. The rings were then covered with strips of cretonne. Dainty green bows were tied at the corners.

An attractive shopping bag that got its origin from a knitting bag was fashioned of old rose silk and orated with the new silk fruit. decorated with the new silk fruit.
Twenty inches long and sixteen
deep were the dimensions. Two
white knitting needles were used to
support a pretty "heading" of silk
at the opening. A heavy gold cord
was suspended for handles and ends
attached at the ends of the needles.
A delightful note was given this
economy hag by the luscious fruit
dotted here and there en the silk.
Small circles of silk were gathered

at each side near the cord.

Heavy china bracelets, such as one sees in the art shops are often a source of inspiration for a pretty bag. Chinese blue bracelets formed the handles of a very Oriental bag of blue and gold brocade. It was

of blue and gold brocade. It was lined with plain blue and developed into a long oval bag.

Who would not love > take home small parcels in such delightful bags as these? Prices can be considerably lowered if merchants do not have to pay clerks and delivery boys for these all tasks. And perhaps the wartime economy bag will help cure the woman who sends home a half dower handkerchiets and then smilingly decides not to accept them. Those who want to help the labor question will start at once to make a shopping bag.

## The World Romance of the Sexes

## By Garrett P. Serviss.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

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knowing where I am going.

Can you tell me why in the Pampas, sy and elsewhere, there are bats that come at night and open the veins of

"We all know-because science has vouched for the fact-that there have

"I have recently read the state-ment that prehistoric man was bi-sexual. What authority, if any, is there for such a statement!—Mrs. F. M. G., Brooklyn.

HERE is no authority for it. T if it is meant to assert that prehistoric representatives of the human race were not divided between the two sexes, just as today. But what the maker of the statement probably had in mind was that sex appears to be a subject of evolutionary development, so that in a very bread sense, man, as a member of the antmal kingdom, may have developed from primitive forms which were either saxioss or else bi-sexual, i.e. hermaphreditic, having the male and female reproductive principles combined in the same individual,

It is a great scientific romance. the story of the rise of sex as a distinctive characteristic, separating living beings fite two classes of individuals, each having an irresistible attraction for the other and

thus ensuring the happiness, the progress and the perpetuation of the race.

Suppose that the creature Man, with all his intellectual gifts, had become (as he might have done if had followed the line that is

byro), a bi-sexual animal, as the oak, or the chestnut, is a bi-sexual (monoscious) plant; in that case the whole of the immense immeasurable and never-ending chapter in the history of human ity that is hased upon the motives of love, altruism, self-sacrifice and spiritual exaltation would have re-mained unritten and unthought

The human being, like the tree, would have continued forever emo-tionless, centered in self, without motive or stimulus for outward expansion and without the tendency to variation, which is the very sou of evolutionary progress. As we having known a different condition can see it now, it would have been a frightful catastrophe for human a frightful estantrope for number up of men and women as separate individuals, but to have consisted of composite beings, perpetuating themselves within themselves, and hearing no call feeling no touch, and receiving no inspiration from without And we shall probably never

And we shall probably never know how narrow was the escape from that care. It required but a turn in the current of evolution to send us one way or the other. It is true that hi-sexuality is centined in the animal kingdem to creatures of a low rank such as mollusks, sponges and worms, all the higher animals being unisexual, while in the veretable kingdom, on the contrary, it is found among many of the higher forms; but the fact remains that in both the kingdoms of life there appears to have been a period

of development when bi-sexuality was widely prevalent, and if to-day It is more characteristic of plants than of animals, the reason is to be found only in the circumstances of found only in the circumstances of their respective courses of evolu-tion, and not in any inherent ten-dency against it on one side more other.

Some investigators aver that at the present day the vertebrate embryo passes through a bi-sexual condition, which, in accordance with the accepted opinion that the history of the race is summed up or mirrored in the individual history of the embryo, would prove that bi-sexuality was once a common characteristic of vertebrate mon characteristic of vertebrate animals. But whether it was a primitive condition or a "secondary

primitive condition or a "secondary acquisition" is still a question to be finally determined.

It has been remarked almost from the beginning of the study of this curious subject that bi-sexualism is most often found among slugglish animals and those that are fixed in location, such as worms, spails, corals, sponges and bivalves. Since plants of every kind are, with rare plants of every kind are, with rare plants of every kind are, with rare or imperfect exceptions, non-loco-motive, we can see in that ctreum-stance the suggestion of a reason why hi-sexuality attaches to them far more commonly than to animals, and includes higher forms of plants

and includes higher forms of plants as well as lower.

It is interesting to note that some of the same advantages that we have derived from the existence of distinct sexes have been shared by winmbler members of the animal kingdom and with similar results, undeed the effects of the contribu-Indeed, the effects of the centrifugal emotions-love, friendship, gen-

erosity, self-denial, etc.—are per-haps more conspicuously exhibited arceity, self-demander exhibited haps more conspicuously exhibited in the development of the intellitures as birds, ants, bees, dogs and many others, than in our own more complicated case. Without the separate existence of the two sexes among these animals it is highly probable that they would never have climbed to a stage of intelligence from which, in some places, they seem almost capable of stepping upon the human level.

With bees and ants, of course, the lack of anything approaching a nucleok of anything approaching a nu-

With bees and ants of course, the lack of anything approaching a numerical equality between sexes precludes the multiplicity of reacting attractions that permeates human society, but yet the sum of the sexual influence may be as great in one case as in the other. If the affections of a whole hive are fixed upon a single queen hear the result upon a single queen bee, the result union than could be obtained where the lines of attraction are not raorities, should characterize hive or an ant hill, while the stim-ulating effect of sexual attraction among birds, dogs, etc., should be more variant, as among human be-

more variant, as among human beings.

And, in fact, we find such animats
differing in their individual intelligence. In a word, sexual separateness, combined ith numerical
equality, instres both the progress
of a race and the development of
individuality.